WEEKLY VISITOR; OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.

[VOL. IV. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1806. No. 52.]

For the Weekly Visitor.

THE following observations, from the Ladies' Museum, appear well calculated, both in a physical and moral point of view, to warn the unthinking fair one of the dangers attending the present mode of dress.

FEMALE DRESS;

HOW MOST ATTRACTIVE.

DEEPLY deploring the evils, that seem gaining ground every day, though hopeless of redressing the grievances complained of, I merely contribute my mite to the many remonstrances that have already appeared in the Lady's Museum.

Seated by the fire-side, and surrounded by books, I have felt proudly delighted whilst reading the many elegant productions from the pens of my own sex, and have mentally uttered, surely women are rapidly improving, and without being disagreeably pedantic will no longer be considered as *trifling toys*, or *necessary evils*, by the lords of the creation; but as rational companions, well-informed, gentle, and unassuming. If others are enjoying a delusion in the same way, they must remain at the sober fire side, or they will soon cease to regard the actions of their own sex through so flattering a mirror; they will see as others have seen, and be disgusted.

What delicate mind can view with unconcern, the *nudes* we every where meet? Be the day ever so cold, still fashion must be attended to, and preside even to the exclusion of comfort and propriety; and they shiver along the streets, mentally thanking the introducer of pelisses, for preserving them from *absolute freezing*. How many die in early life, of pulmonary complaints, or settled colds! and whilst the fair victims fall at Fashion's shrine, it is not uncommon for the sensible to observe, "Such a lady died for want of petticoats;" of course she sinks to the grave, merely pitied for her folly, or unlamented through her obstinacy; or, if spared a little longer, are they not purchasing a premature old age?

Why are we not as persevering in good, as in evil? I hear of the exhibitions our females make in public, and shudder. The arm, once covered, is now bared nearly to the shoulder, the bosom shamefully exposed, and far more the ancle. The dresses of the present day are certainly light, elegant, and beautiful, were they not carried to excess; but by overdoing, we effectually destroy.

It is not to be wondered at, that men grow rude and disrespectful; having ceased to respect ourselves, we may look for their contempt or derision. Could many of our fashionables hear, as I have done, the remarks of that sex they are so anxious to captivate, when, no longer intoxicated by gay scenes, the tranquil morning brings rational reflection, they would soon for ever abjure the glaring indecorum of their present dress and manners. The most dissolute men dislike bold women—Suppose one, gazing on a beautiful *nude*, turn to a friend, and whilst peering through a glass, exclaim, "that's a devilish fine girl!" taking care the *polished sentence* should reach her ear—the beauty prides herself not a little on so *elegant* a compliment from a man of such gallantry and taste.

Perhaps the fair one has now made a conquest—a notable one indeed!—of a needy and emaciated rake! Of what use then are his attentions? His numerous intrigues may have taught him to talk of his heart-felt pangs gracefully, without even feeling he had a heart either to reserve or bestow. His conversation may be fascinating enough to sully her mind, and in an evil hour to effect her ruin. He may again prepare to conquer, for he can boast another triumph—unhonored be such victors! he has, perhaps plunged in infamy, one of that sex he ought to have protected. Suppose her married to him. Infamy, misery, though of a different hue, is the consequence; a babe may, perhaps, look in vain for a father, and, with its hapless mother, may droop and die deserted.

Such is generally the end of *Devilish fine girls*. We used to be termed angelic, and dear angels; perhaps we no longer deserve such titles, therefore, may thank fashionable frankness for discarding it. Husbands are certainly scarce, and young men are backward in entering

the honorable state of matrimony: regard the subject with an unprejudiced eye, and we cannot blame them. The light carriage of many married women, the number of disgusting trials for conjugal infidelity, are sufficient to make them enter it with dread. Thus, whilst we lament the evil, let us look to ourselves as the cause. Surely we do not wish to secure fools, yet such display must banish men of sense. Many young women seem to study how to be disagreeable; if with their own sex, they are listless, yawning, and discontented; if with the other, the impudent leer, the pert retort, the silly *double entendre* meant for wit, sicken those who wish to be rational. Sterling merit will be discovered, and selected by men of sense and worth, and though, like the unobtrusive lily of the vale, it may remain a little longer in the shade, yet in due time its merits may appear, be rightly appreciated, and being transplanted into more active life, shine forth as the amiable wife and mother.

We were not form'd for butterflies, to sport a summer's day,
Since oft we meet with wintry one's, when mind alone bears sway.
Then let the husband find a friend, when doubts and cares oppress:
For cover'd bosoms feel far more, than others in undress.

The plainest women are still more foolish than the beautiful; brown scraggy necks, large bony elbows, and thick ancles, are exposed indiscriminately, and mingled with fair and round; we do not see our own defects, or we should certainly cover them. Nor is the masculine muffle of habit-shirts, colars, &c. a bit more beautiful; it is the opposite extreme, and I am sometimes disposed to think that with their morning gowns and muffles, they throw away their understanding, and are determined for the remainder of the day to be excessively silly, beautifully simple. Why are we imitating a country that is the cause of so much misery to our own? when were their women considered our superiors? Never, except in fashion and frivolty. In Kotzebue's Journey from Berlin to Paris. I read the following: "To France also our females are indebted for the very convenient custom of being without pockets, and it seems, that even the *ridicule*, or thing which was suspended from the arm, as a substitute, has now fallen into disuse." On alluding to this circumstance, Mr. Kotzebue relates the following anecdote. "A mother once asked her daughter, why do you suffer that huge overgrown fellow, who looks like a model of a church steeple, to be continually following you? Lord, (replied her daughter,) I must blow my nose, must not I! He actually carried her handkerchief. Silly trifler! yet she is imitated. Standing at the window a few days since, and detesting the silly custom of being pocketless, with all my heart, I was highly diverted at seeing a young fashionist stopped by a poor looking man, who intreated her to purchase a beautiful watch-paper. Her eye was caught; but, in a fretful tone, she said, 'I have no money, I don't wear a pocket. I would buy one, but (lingering) I only live a little way off, and if I was at home, I would.' The poor man, glad of a customer, followed her, and even he had sense enough to smile."

It is likewise much to be regretted, that we cannot, with a good grace, submit to trifling deficiencies, even defects, that we may all have; for by the silly substitutes that are now common, the sex draw on themselves the contempt of the other; who, thanks to ourselves, are sufficient judges of reality. If Nature has been sparing in exterior beauty, she may have compensated us in other respects; and surely defects we cannot help, can never be regarded as criminal: whilst deceptions so easily discovered, will ever meet the sneer of contempt and ridicule.

Be warned, ye fair; 'tis not the peevish cynical old maid who lectures you, but a being liable to error as yourselves, yet afflicted at seeing so many useless follies. She who is attired with fashionable moderation, will always look far better than one going to the extreme; and, in the opinion of sensible, rational, people, the woman who is attired with taste and delicacy, can never look inelegant.

D.

LETTER FROM A BUCK OF FASHION TO ONE OF HIS FRIENDS.

DEAR ——,

WHAT the plague keeps you so long buried in the ivy of an old covent! For pleasure's sake and the sake of your friends, return once more to grace our social board, and revive the drooping spirits of some delectable girls, who are positively grown pale with grief at your absence. I applaud your filial love and respect for old Sir A;—rot it, after leaving you such pretty pickings, "he deserves a snug lying in the abbey," as my friend Sir L——says; and I don't doubt but you have done every thing that becometh a dutiful son on the occasion. But consider, he is now incapable of receiving much pleasure from your presence, and there are innumerable living souls languishing for it here; therefore, lose no time, but come among us again, if you would not have us all turn friars, like yourself. M——says, you are caught at last, and that some virgin of the Devonshire mountains has achieved what has been the daily endeavor of every spinster in London for the five years past. If this be the case, make short work of it, and I'll take her off your hands when you like. *Allons*, Sir S——(egad, a title becomes you!) The winter is beginning to set in, and the town is preparing to receive you: beauty smiles, Venus approves, and as Horace has it, "*nunc est bibendum!*" Thine for ever,

London, C. S——.

Be certain that he who has betrayed thee will betray thee again.

I'LL WAGER MY HEAD.

THIS phrase, though often used, is of very doubtful import, as it depends upo the value the man who employs it sets upon his head, to determine whether he means to bet little or much. And, again though he may believe that he offers to bet high, his hearers may think that he proposes to bet a mere nothing.

For the Weekly Visitor.

CHARADE.

My first forms a part of that wonderful beast,
In which it is said that the Devil once enter'd,
My second (which also may be call'd my last)
Is where the young lions and bears have oft center'd.

My whole does the name of a village compose,
That's famous for peasants, and likewise for grain.
Now, friend, if these lines to your mind won't disclose
The name—why then *think* and *peruse them again.*

X. Y. Z.

For the Weekly Visitor.

THE VENTRILOQUIST;

From a very interesting novel entitled the *Strolling Player.*

"I WILL remain here till he awake," "I can sleep upon a chair as well as he." The landlord complied, and bidding me good night, with his family retired to bed. For the sake of being more at ease, I placed some chairs together and reclined myself at full length upon them.—When I had closed my eyes a few minutes, I was disturbed by a loud groan, which I imagined to proceed from my sleeping companion.—I instantly arose, and approached, fearing it might have arisen from pain, occasioned by an uneasy posture; but he appeared perfectly composed and comfortable; I therefore concluding it to be the ebullition of a dream, was returning to my chairs, when the noise was repeated, and in a manner that thrilled my very soul.—The sound was continued to a great length and in a tone unlike any thing I had ever heard before —It was, indeed, such as one would expect to hear from the organs of a ghost—it seemed directly over my shoulder—I stood petrefied till it ceased, and then turned to look at Yardly, who was still in calm sleep and his lips closed—It cannot be you, thought I, for it is not the voice of a human being. Every thing was still again, and I mustered sufficient resolution to search round the room; but nothing uncommon could be seen and my alarm dissipating by degrees, gave me reason to think the whole a delusion, proceeding from the punch I had drunk. Laughing now at my own weakness, I had scarcely time to think, before my ears were again summoned by a voice, different from the last, expressing sympathy and horror, which while I remained motionless, and deprived even of the utterance of fear, spoke, as if its lips were in contact with my own, as follows: "Prepare, my son—O, prepare for death!—the spirit of your father now calls to you from the grave—Trust not the strength of youth, nor the fewness of your years, for in three days you will be numbered with the dead."——It is impossible for you, reader, to conceive my feelings at that moment: the voice ceased, and my soul was divided between horror, at the presence of a spirit, and terror, at the approach of dissolution. Not a doubt remained of the awful visit of a supernatural agent, and, the moment my limbs recovered their use, I knelt, and offered up to Heaven a prayer. In the midst of my devotion, Yardly sprung from his seat caught me by the arm, and burst into a fit of laughter, that, from its violence, seemed rather the result of madness than of mirth; at length, shaking my hand he cried, "Don't believe the ghost—you shann't die yet."——"You astonish me," said I; "explain yourself."—"Listen," said he—I did so, when, to my surprize, the accent and words of the supposed spirit reverberated in my ears.—Yardly was a ventriloquist—he was the first I had ever heard, and while pretending to be fast asleep, was exercising his wonderful powers to my unspeakable torment.

RICH AND POOR.

I CALL the advantages of wealth *fanciful*, because every advantage we derive from it, excepting that of doing good, (which is, alas! so little practised) dwells solely in the fancy, without in the least partaking of reality. Sumptuous clothing, prodigal entertainments, and so forth, these are what men generally consider as the advantages of rices; but do they contribute to happiness? No: for the coarse-clad peasant, with his oaten cake, is happier than those who make no other use of the favours of fortune. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, indeed, has said, "That the only way for a rich man to be healthy is, by excercise and abstinence; to live as if he was poor, which is esteemed the worst part of poverty." Then those things which are commonly called advantages, are not real, but merely fanciful, and, of course, to a pure mind, of no value or allurement.

For the Weekly Visitor.

STANZAS.

WHEN tir'd of life, we wish for that repose,
That calm repose, invariable sleep,
Which death affords the pilgrim to his woes,
For sweet is death to those condemn'd to weep.

We think of nought can yield a moment's joy,
Life and enjoyment sicken in our view;
When *Care* with pleasures mixes sad alloy,
In vain the paths of peace we would pursue.

Then soaring far beyond this trifling ball,
We love to view the blaze of heavenly day;
The *soul*, enraptur'd, bids adieu to all,
And fain would mingle with the blissful ray.

Nor stoop again to life's delusive schemes,
Where revelling folly quaffs the cup of woe;
There are *to her* but visionary dreams,
To *those* where streams of lasting pleasure flow.

Religion, thus, conducts the wayward soul
To joys substantial, where intrudes no *care*;
Come with *thy* influence *now*, and crown the whole,
And blaze upon my eyes in brightest glare.

So shall I see the truth of gospel light,
Thy lamp shall shed a lustre on my way;
And I, though weak, will tread with quick delight,
The *narrow walk* that leads to endless day.

October 23, 1806. S. M.

HELEN MATTARANGA; OR, THE SUPERSTITIOUS ZANTIOT.

HELEN Mattaranga, aged twenty years, witnessed the decease of a young man of her village, whom she had loved. She was to have married him; but her parents, from interested motives, had compelled her to marry another. The night after his interment, Helen saw the phantom of her lover*, standing in silence at the foot of her bed. It appeared to her on the second and third night immediately following. She at first imagined that her lover's soul was in purgatory, and that it came to demand relief of her; in consequence of which, she caused two masses to be said. The spectre continued not the less its regular appearance, on the contrary, it afterwards appeared as she began to sleep; how then was she to be delivered? Superstition furnished the means.—One night, when her husband was at a neighbouring village, she rises, takes with her a hammer and nails goes bare-footed to the burying-ground, takes the body of her lover out of the earth, and, notwithstanding the fetid odour and the corruption which it exhales, she embraces it repeatedly, bathes it with her tears, and then drives four large nails through the feet and hands. Having thus fastened it to the earth, she returns home, wastes the remainder of the night in tranquillity, and from that time, the spectre discontinues its visits. What an unheard of mixture of courage, superstition, and love! This woman, whose sensibility in ancient times would have been celebrated in the theatres of Greece, was on the point of being punished with death†, for having dared to outrage a dead body. Helen had been so imprudent, as to confide her secret to a false friend; but an overseer proved an advocate and protector to this young female, and suppressed the affair. Without doubt he was worthy of commanding, for he knew the value of sensibility.

* To account for the weakness of Helen, in being thus disturbed by a phantom, we must remember that women of the tenderest sensibility are always the most superstitious. In admiring Sappho, who precipitated herself into the sea, and Celia, who swam across the Tyber, we imagine we can never again meet with women of this character. But has not this young girl of Zante performed as heroic an action as Sappho or Celia?

† At Zante (a small island in the Adriatic Sea) the women are kept locked up, and never go out, unless they are masked. They never, at any time, receive, or make visits, nor are ever present at any public show. The Zantiots extend their jealousy and brutality, even to the offence of religion itself. They permit their wives to go to church but once a month; their sisters and daughters but once a year, and then always at midnight, and masked.

ELINOR;

A SENTIMENTAL SKETCH.

——"Ah! how cold the wind blows!' said a tall female, as she descended from a white cliff which overhung the sea. I raised my eyes wistfully to her face. I saw it was traced by the tear of Beauty, and not by the tear of Misery. The fresh breeze blew through her loose garments, and cast her brown hair in disordered, but beautiful masses, over her naked bosom: her eyes were sweet and blue, but they rolled with the quickness of phrenzy, as she approached. 'Who are you?' asked I, with emotion, taking her hand within mine. 'They call me wild Elinor!' answered she, in a soft, but hurried voice, eyeing some flowers. 'I am very poor—I have no home—I have lost my lover—

"Beneath yon wave
Is Edwin's grave,"

repeated she, in a musical tone. "But come back with me and see it. I strew it every day with flowers, and weep sometimes. But—I can't now!" She stopped, and sighed, then putting her hand on her breast—"I am very unhappy, stranger! —O my breaking heart!" Here her voice died away. I thought reason beamed in her eyes, as she sunk on the sod. I stooped to raise her falling frame. She lifted her large blew eyes towards me with silent gratitude—a soft bloom spread her pallid cheek; and articulating 'Edwin!' she fell lifeless on the earth.

"Thy gentle spirit is now at rest!" said I, bending pensively over her clay.

But oh! what agonies must have torn thy heart, luckless maid! when *returning reason shewed thee all thy wretchedness*, and when that wretchedness cut the thread of thy existence! Cold, cold, is the loveliest form of nature! closed is the softest eye that ever poured a beam on mine! That form must now moulder in the dust! that eye must no longer open on the world! The tears gushed as I spoke. I fell on the earth beside her corpse: the warm drops of sensibility washed the marble of her bosom—my heart heaved with agony. I was a *man*, and I gloried in my tears!— DE BURGHE.

For the Weekly Visitor.

FRAGMENT,

IN THE MANNER OF GESNER.

* * * * * * "ARISE, O Zephyrus! arise, and dispel the grey mists which invelope the mountains; for there my beloved tarries, and there he will abide until the dawning of day invites him abroad. And THOU great source of vegetation, ALL POWERFUL SUN! why art thou so tardy in giving light and heat to our hemisphere? why so long in entering thy chambers in the East? already have the eyes of the wakeful peasant sought thee from the window of his cottage—already have the choristers of the morning warbled forth thy welcome—The poor benighted traveller is weary with fainting for thy cheering rays—the plaintive voice of the sick, and the woe-fraught supplication of the child of sorrow, whose eye lids are strangers to the comforts of repose, alike implore thy benignant presence. Then arise and shine forth MIGHTY ORB! dart thy bright beams on the pillow where rests the head of him my soul loveth, and cause him to awake from the soft slumbers I invoked for him ere thy splendour last sunk behind the wave of the Atlantic.

"The mists of the twilight are gone—I marked their ascent on the wings of the wind, and the effulgence of the orient is dazzling to the sight—Even now is my beloved on his journey—even now does he meditate the affectionate greeting—welcome is the boon of encouragement from an husband! sweet is the voice of praise from him whose voice is truth!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Well mayest thou smile, dearest baby! thy father approaches—a few hours, nay, perhaps only a few minutes longer, and he will clasp us to his bosom—O summary of human happiness! blissful recompense for every care! How fondly will he receive thy infantine caresses! with what delight will he explore the minutest of thy improvements! and how will his heart overflow with joy to hear thee lispingly claim him for thy sire!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Hush, dearest baby, hush!—once more let me look toward the valley, and then I will quiet thy mournings—alas! thy father approaches not, and the shades of evening are falling around—hush, dearest baby, hush! shut thy sweet eyes, and go to rest—there the blessing of heaven be upon thee!"

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Again, and again, did she look towards the valey, and oft did her sinking heart repeat, "Why tarries my love?" till the landscape receded from her view—her neighbours see her grief and anxiety, but who can impart such doleful tidings?—her love will return no more!—Eager to regain his happy home—eager to glad the heart of his wife with the fruits of his industry, sleep was a stranger to his eyes—undauntedly he braved the horrors of midnight, and, for a while, all was well—but rest thy weary feet, amiable traveller! thy speed avails not—death is at hand—a wild boar from the forest attacked and slew him!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Such, moral reader, such is life—such is earthly happiness! A.

ON THE

FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF LUXURY.

THERE is no greater calamity can befal any people, than when luxury is introduced among them; especially where it becomes general, and is carried to so great a height, that every individual is under some necessity of living beyond his fortune, or incurring the censure of being avaricious. A man once engaged in this extravagant course of living, is seldom able to extricate himself in time; but is hurried on to the brink of ruin, reduces a helpless family to want and misery, and must at length sink under a weight of misfortunes; or, through necessity, be driven to what may sacrifice his honour, country, conscience, and every other consideration, to a present relief, which may, which must, at last, end in his destruction. However amiable virtue and integrity may appear in our eyes, human nature will find it difficult to withstand the threatening misery of immediate want. A prison staring a man in the face, continual duns at his door, or a want of his accustomed pleasures, will drive him to extremities, which nothing but necessity could occasion. He is no longer master of himself; but, like a drowning man, catches at every thing, even his dearest friend, though he should perish with him. To what melancholy extremities will not this unhappy situation lead a man! to poverty, shame, villainy, dependency, and disgrace; and, at length, to sell one's country to support an idle extravagance. Let a man's income be what it may, if he lives beyond it, this will be the case sooner or later: and if ever a superior power should fall into such necessitous hands, the very thing which should make the people happy, the abundance of the public treasure, may, if artfully managed, prove the means of their destruction.

A.

USEFULNESS OF AN OLD WOMAN.

On my return, I found an old woman at a door where she seemed unable to gain admittance. I knocked for her. At last a man put his head out of the window. "Ah! it is this everlasting hag that wakes us: she will never die."

I was shocked at this brutal answer. "Madam," said I, 'may I ask the reason of your coming home so late?' 'I have been to take care of a sick person; but as I have already sat up two nights, they are afraid I shall fall asleep, and have sent me away.' 'They should have let you sleep at the house that employed you.' 'I feared lest I should be troublesome. At my age, Sir, we are not sufferable, but in cases of the most urgent necessity; yet there is no tenderness but in women, there is no attention but in old women. The young ones are constantly occupied in taking care of themselves. As for me, I divide myself into four parts, when I am nursing one that is sick: I have an eye to every thing. I do not fear that want of sleep will weigh my eye-lids down, make me become pale, and even indisposed.

"A sick person never constrains himself with an old woman."

I felt that this woman knew exceedingly well the utility of her age. Still the door was unopened. I knocked again, but no answer was made. At this moment a man arrived from the house that the old woman had quitted. "Ah, *Mrs. Thompson*, are you here yet!" cried he: "your patient wants you again; he will have none but you; I beg you will return." The good old woman returned. I saw that she was not destitute of information; she was highly pleased that the sick person had sent for her again. I went with her, in order to have a little further talk on the subject.

"Women," said she to me, "are men's nurses. I heard it once told to an old officer, whom I nursed during sickness, that after the battle of *Rosbach*, the general, who had many wounded soldiers, and few people to take care of them, determined to make nurses of all the loose

females that follow the army, and told them that they would do well to behave properly. Well, Sir, the greatest part of them became steady, indutrious, and attentive; they took care of the soldiers as if they had been their own children, and saved three parts of them. A woman is often praised, but never sufficiently valued. When a man sees a woman, what ought he to see in her? His nurse, his guardian, his mistress, his wife, his unceasing friend, his comforter in sickness; the being that gives him his first life, that affords him his first food, that is the creator or promoter of every pleasure he enjoys during his life, and whose tender attention can alleviate the dreadful pangs of approaching dissolution. Young, she is beautiful; *old, she is good:* one grateful word ever pays her. Old women are fit for a numbe of things which young ones are incapable of performing, either from ignorance, or because they will not take the trouble. An old woman is never tired of any thing. I am old, Sir, and I know my value in society.

LIBERALITY.

To bestow benefactions on a man who has merited his misfortunes by misconduct, is an abuse of charity! Such is the opinion of the unfeeling affluent, who to be dispensed from succouring distress, always begin by enquiring if it cannot be attributed to imprudence. When they assert that relief is only to be extended to men of irreproachable character their only intention is to save their money, without losing the esteem of those who do not take the trouble to examine whether avarice may not lurk under the appearance of equity. Doubtless the unfortunate have committed faults; but do these rigid judges endeavour, with equal solicitude, to ascertain whether their errors have not been expiated by their sufferings, and the sincerity of their repentance does not entitle them to mercy?

The shameles flatterer is a shameless knave.

ADVERSITY

Does effect, even in the bosoms of our friends, some change which wounds our sensibility. A greater or less degree of attention, a more marked familiarity, or a less natural ease—every thing is a subject of pain or observation to him who is unfortunate; whether it be that nothing is really more difficult than for others to remain, in all respects, the same, after a new conception has introduced itself into their relations with us; or that a suffering heart, like a feeble state of health, is affected by a thousand slight circumstances which would make no impression upon a happy mind, or vigorous constitution.

DUMB CREATURES.

ALL the notice that we lords of the creation vouchsafe to bestow on DUMB CREATURES, is generally to abuse them. It is well, therefore, that here and there a man should be found a little womanish, or perhaps a little childish, in this matter, who will make some amends, by kissing and coaxing, and laying them in one's bosom. You remember the little ewe lamb, mentioned by the prophet Nathan; the prophet perhaps invented the tale, for the sake of its application to David's conscience; but it is more probable that God inspired him with it for that purpose. If he did not, it amounts to a proof that he does not overlook, but, on the contrary, much notices such little particularities as kindness to his *dumb* creatures, as we, because we articulate, are pleased to call them.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

Saturday, Oct. 25.

The Title-page and Index of this, will accompany the first number of the succeeding volume.

From a Philadelphia paper.

The exemption of our cities from the ravages of the yellow-fever, during the late summer and the present autumn, has furnished matter of general exultation to the citizens of the U. States. The more immediate causes of this blessing, appear to have been *frequent and heavy rains* in some places, and *uncommon drought* in others. The former, by washing the streets of our cities, has removed the sources of putrid exhalation: the latter has acted by *drying* those sources. It is thus, by means of the alternate influence of the waters of the Nile, and the excessive dryness of the soil of Egypt, during the recess of that river, the plague is checked in Egypt. It is not in our power to produce an artificial drought, but artificial rain may be produced in our cities, by means of Hydrants and Hoses. It is to be hoped the persons who have the direction of the Schuylkill water in Philadelphia, will next year imitate nature, by permitting that water to overflow our streets and gutters, once or twice every week. The practice will be useful, whether the yellow fever be imported or generated in our city, for the advocates for importation, admit that the disease which they say is brought from the West Indies, cannot spread, except it meet with an atmosphere rendered impure by putrid exhalation.

MUSLINS.—Notwithstanding the extreme fineness of this delicate material, as now furnished to our *belles* both by European and Indian manufacturers, it appears that this quality was once carried to a much greater height than at present. Tavernier, who wrote about the middle of the 17th century, relates, that, when Ali Beg, ambassador from Persia, returned thither from India, he brought with him a *cocoa nut* set with pearls, which had inclosed in it a turban of sixty cubits of muslin, so fine that the cloth could scarcely be felt by the hand!

FOREIGN.

At a late hour last evening, the ship Hardware, captain Law, arrived at this port from Liverpool. He left Liverpool on the 4th of September, and the Rock

on the 6th. On the day he sailed it was reported that Mr. Fox was dead, that the negociations for Peace were broken off, and that Lord Lauderdale was on his way home.

With respect to Mr. Fox, our Liverpool papers (which are to the 4th of September inclusive) inform us that he was tapped a second time on the 30th August, and had 14 quarts of fetid water taken from him; the report of his death, therefore, is not probably, without foundation. The negociations, we know, from Paris papers, were progressing on the 30th of August, and on the 3d of September no messenger had arrived in London from Paris; the rumour of Lord Lauderdale's return is, at best, exceedingly problematical.

In confirmation of the report of the death of Mr. Fox, captain Daggett from Charante informs us that on the 8th or 9th of September in the Bay of Biscay, he was boarded by the British frigate Cybelle, which the day before had spoken a Packet bound from Falmouth for Lisbon, and received from her the intelligence that Mr. Fox died just before her departure.

Mer. Ad. 23d inst.

TO AUTUMN.

HAIL! sober AUTUMN, lovely maid!
I love thy garb of russet hue;
I love to haunt thy leaf-strewn glade,
When deep impearl'd with morning dew.

What though thou boast no blooming rose,
No vivid green, no summer's glare,
Thy calmness yields the mind repose,
And bid'st thy beauties blossom there.

EPIGRAM,

On a dissatisfied Man.

STILL restless, still chopping and changing about,
Still enlarging, rebuilding, and making a rout;
Little Timothy *outre* as it may appear,
Builds up and pulls down again ten times a year:
With this altering rage, poor dissatisfied elf,
What a pity it is he don't alter himself.

During the American war, whilst Colonel Burgoine commanded in Cork, he saw a corpulent soldier among the spectators on the parade, whom he addressed as follows: "Who are you, Sir? You must be drilled twice a day to bring down your corporation. Who are you, Sir?" "Please your honor (replied Pat) I am, Sir, the *skeleton* of the 5th regiment of foot, which has just marched over from America." The fact was so, for such was the carnage of that disastrous war, that only this fat soldier and Capt Webb, returned to Europe, out of a full regiment landed in America.

London Paper.

The city Inspector reports the death of 43 persons, of whom, 16 were men, 9 women, 11 boys, and 7 girls, during the week, ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 1, cancer 1, child-bed 1, consumption 4, convulsions 3, debility 3, decay 4, dropsy 1, dysentery 1, epilepsy 1, bilious fever 1, malignant fever 1*, remittent fever 2, typhus fever 5, flux infantile 3, hives 1, inflamation of the lungs 2, inflamation of the liver 1, locked jaw 1, pleurisy 1, still-born 1, ulcer 1, whooping cough 1, worms 1.—*Total* 43.

* A sea-farring man from no. 57 James-street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications defered till our next number.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. Benjamin Woods, to Miss Catharine Cole, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening by the rev. Mr. Hobart, Mr. Leonard Thorn, merchant, to Miss Abigail Somerindyke, both of this city.

At Staten-Island, on Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Peter Sutton, merchant of this city, to Miss Ann Day.

At Albany, by the rev. Mr. Bradford John Q. Wilson, esq. of New York, attorney at law, to Miss Maria Lush, daughter of Richard Lush, esq. of that city.

At Trenton, John M'Laughan, to Miss Sarah Vandewater,—Wm. Potts, esq. to Miss Ann Potts.—At Charleston, Mr. Henry Querard, to Miss Margaretta Sophia Pellesser. At Friend's Meeting, in Concord, Jesse Chandler, of E. Bradford township, Chester county, to Miss Rebecca Marshall, daughter of T. Marshall, of Concord Delaware county.

DIED,

At his residence (Bloomingdale Grove, Orange county, N. Y.) on Monday the 20th Oct. in the 63d year of his age, Samuel Strong, Es. an old and long respected inhabitant of that place.

Wednesday morning, after a short illness Mrs. Gertrude Kemble, wife of Peter Kemble, esq. merchant, of this city.

On Friday the 17th. inst. Mr. Forgey, a native of the County of Down, Ireland.

G. THRESHER, FROM LONDON,
Teacher of Plain and Ornamental Writing, Accounts, Drawing, and Marine Painting, No. 13 Broad-street, New-York.
COMPLIMENT CARDS,
Frontispieces elegantly designed, and Manuscripts copied.
MUSIC, AND FRENCH, TAUGHT BY APPROVED MASTERS.

SHIPWRECK OF
THE ROSE IN BLOOM.

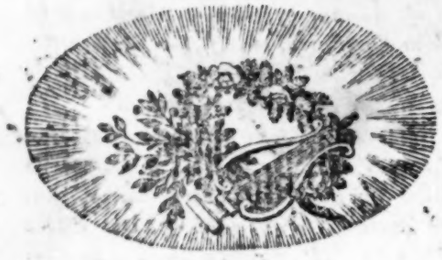
G. Thresher respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has prepared two drawings of the shipwreck of the ROSE IN BLOOM from Charlston to New-York.

The Drawings are in the hands of an eminent engraver and will be executed with dispatch... Size of the engravings 3 by 2 feet.

Five hundred copies are already subscribed for. Subscriptions are received at the Bookstore of I. Riley, & co. City Hotel.....and at No. 13 Broad-street.

"E'en 'midst the horrors of destruction, brave
Exalted virtue in M'Pherson shone;
The precious Being of his child to save,
The tender parent sacrificed his own."

From information of the passengers a small phamphlet will shortly be published on the above distressing subject....of which the public shall have timely notice. Sep. 27.



For the Weekly Visitor.

SELECTED.

THE SHIPWRECKED BOY.

Sad child, by frowning poverty deprest,
With vestment dank and wildly-dripping hair,
The prey of every blast,
Hurl'd in the tempest round.

Ah torn perhaps, ah torn, in infant years,
From tender parents, and from shelt'ring home,
How throbs thy guileless breast,
Made bare by the rude wind!

The laughing Loves forsake thy radiant eyes,
Yet piteous leave their briliants on thy lids,
Which chase each other down,
In glitt'ring drops of woe.

Ah harmless boy! yet doom'd to suffer pain,
To hear loud cordage lash the groaning mast,
While wat'ry mountains huge
Roar dread destruction round.

Ah! hapless! born to give thy little life
To the wide-gaping sea, or mingling storm;
Or 'mind the fractur'd wrecks,
Or floating corses pale,

'Tis thine, to hear hoarse seamen's dying groans,
To witness heaps of hanging waters dire,
When steers with belly'd sail
No friendly saving bark.

'Tis thine, perhaps, to die in deserts wild,
Where no fond parent soothes thy parting soul!
Unknown, to die unblest,
A naked bleaching corse,

That owns no decent grave, no letter'd pile,
But doom'd the prey of fierce voracious fowls,
While friends may ardent wish,
Yet strangers to thy fate,

The safe return of injur'd innocence!
When thou, perhaps, no more wilt e'er return,
To taste parental bliss,
Or soothe declining age.

Then share, come share with me my humble shed,
Amid my little sons be truly blest,
And heal with friendly balms,
Thy sufferings and thy toils.

For the Weekly Visitor.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe.'

Gallantry, compared to love, is as politeness to social virtue; the imitation and supplement.

Hermione is every where surrounded by adorers. Each is anxious to believe himself more happy than his rivals. She is prodigal of her alurements to retain some, and encourage others. A lover, favored in appearance, soon finds himself no better treated than another, who is in despair. Hermione, it is said, is a coquette—but loves nobody. You are deceived, ye adorers of Hermione. *She loves*—"But whom?"—say you. "Is it young Theodore, whose youth and person seem to presage success? or Alcidon, every where well received, and so celebrated by several well-known adventures? or Miramis, whose wit supplies the want of birth and person? whose acquaintance does honour to a woman, and seem to rank her with Aspasia?—or is it—— Stop, not one of them. He is a man without the least advantage of person, and who is not young. It is on *his* account that she but seldom sups from home; and, when this happens, that she retires early. It is with *him* she laughs at her followers, at the hope of the rivals. It is——you are impatient? It is—— her *husband*.

Unbecoming forwardness oftener procedes from ignorance than imprudence; and no person was ever yet acquainted with a fool, that had not frequent reason for regret.

"It is hardly credible" says Lord Bacon, what disturbance is created in life by *unprofitable curiosity*."

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper. But he is still happier who can suit his temper to his circumstances.

Dion has wit, but he uses it to wound. He has sense, but he is ill-mannered. It by no means follows, that he who has more power to be agreeable than another, is, *therefore*, more agreeable, any more than that the painter who has the richest colours to work with, shall *therefore* have taste enough to produce the best coloured picture.

Disinterested love; disinterested friendship;—What do these words mean? Who has *really loved*, who has felt the sublime sentiment of friendship, who will allow these are any other but terms of contradiction? *Real* love, and *real* friendship, have no wish but for the happiness and security of the object exciting these passions. They would sacrifice every thing to obtain this. The *most selfish* thing I know in the world, is generosity. But *what* a selfishness!

To insult over misery, is the undoubted character of barbarous inhumanity.

To incur God's displeasure for man's favour, is for a man to kill himself to avoid a hurt.

Good rewards never fail to crown the the end of a well-prosecuted good.

Face commendation sets a fool in the chair of ostentation, but dyes the cheek of wisdom with a scarlet blush.

Though the ways of virtue seem rough and craggy, yet they reach to heaven.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY. THOSE WHO RECEIVE IT BY MAIL, TO PAY IN ADVANCE.

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